Numb 100.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

—— *Laudemque a crimine ſumit.* Ovid. Metamor.

From Friday March 3, to Monday March 6, 1710.

Artesia's Day.

From my CLOSET.

Am this Minute a thinking how impoſſible it is to diſtinguiſh Good from Evil, or know Virtue from Vice, unleſs we narrowly examine not only into the Actions of Men, but likewiſe the Motives that prompted them to 'em. I was yeſterday where a handſome young Gentleman drew the Eyes of all the Company upon him: He was admirably well Shaped, Clean and Faſhionable, without the leaſt Affectation: His Look was Sprightly and Solid, yet in his Mein he was Gay and Eaſy, and good Humour Sparkled in his Face. He was ask'd a great many Queſtions about a Country where he had been, which he anſwer'd all very Pertinently, ſeem'd to be Maſter of very good Senſe, and diſcover'd far greater Experience than could have been expected from his Age. All theſe good Qualities were ſet off by that becoming Modeſty that proceeds from Complaiſance, and is only owing to the height of good Manners. When the Gentleman was gone, and ſeveral of the Company had given him the Praiſes they thought were his due, an Elderly Matron exclaim'd againſt him with great Vehemence: 'Is it credible (ſaid ſhe) that a Man 'as *Florido*, (for that was his Name) who has had ſuch 'an Education, and is ſeemingly poſſeſs'd with ſo 'much Sweetneſs of Temper, ſhould be guilty of the 'higheſt Ingratitude to the Man to whom he is in-'debted for the Breeding that is beſtow'd upon him? '*Florido*'s Father poſſeſs'd a Conſiderable Eſtate in the '*Weſt-Indies*, dying left the Guardianſhip of his only 'Son, and the Management of his Fortune to his Bro-'ther *Corvino* in *England*, who with all the Care of a 'Tender Relation, diſcharges his Truſt to the utmoſt 'of his Power; but *Florido*, tho' yet very Young, 'knowing to what Eſtate he was to come, grows Ex-'travagant, and throwing off all Obedience to his Un-'cle, turns Rake, and to all appearance is loſt.' The kind Uncle, Sollicitous how to ſave his unruly Nephew from utter Ruin, leaves no Stone unturn'd, and ſeveral ways having prov'd ineffectual; at laſt, by ſending him Abroad and other Skilful Management, he has the good luck to Reclaim him, and make him what you ſee he is now. *Florido* being come to Age, notwithſtanding the great Obligations he owes his Uncle, inſtead of grateful Acknowledgments repays him with vexatious Law-Suits, and for all his Care charges him with Injuſtice, as if he had receiv'd more of his Eſtate than he had accounted for. But '*Corvino*, who is very Rich, a Magiſtrate, and a Man 'of unqueſtion'd Reputation, Laughs at the Impo-'tent Malice of his Ungrateful Nephew.

Here the Old Lady left off, and every body began to blame *Florido*, wondring ſo fair an Outſide ſhould cover ſo foul a Fiend; when a Gentlewoman that Sat next to me, looking upon her that had given us the Account of *Florido*, in great Indignation began thus: 'This indeed (ſaid ſhe) is the wicked *Corvino*'s plau-'ſible Story; but the Treatment which *Florido* receiv'd 'from that deteſtable Hypocrite, is more barbarous 'than perhaps ever Pupil met with from a Guardian. '*Florido*, not Ignorant of the Fortune that was left him, 'being of a Generous Temper, was extreamly diſguſted 'at, and often complained of the pitiful Allowance 'of his Miſerable Uncle; but finding no Remedy, 'commits a Folly and falls out with his Maſter. This 'Youthful Error by the ſevere Guardian is heighten'd 'to an unpardonable Crime: *Florido* ſoon Repents, 'confeſſes his Fault, and promiſes that his future Be-'haviour ſhall Compenſate whatever is paſt; but the 'Villainous Uncle pretends his Crime is beyond Re-'dreſs.—— *You are utterly undone Nephew*, (ſaid he) '*and yet more Fortunate than you deſerve. There is a* '*Ship now going to the* Eaſt-Indies, *in which I am gre atly* '*concerned, the Captain is my Friend, and oblig'd to me:* '*Such a Voyage is the only Thing could retrieve you, if* '*you ſnatch at and make good uſe of the Opportunity.*—— 'The tractable Youth willing any ways to expiate 'his Guilt, is led into the Snare, and unwarily ac-'cepts of the ill deſign'd Offer. There is a place in 'the *Eaſt-Indies* ſo very unwholeſome, or at leaſt in-'jurious to *European* Conſtitutions, that but few have 'been known to live longer in it than Four Years. 'To this the Religious Uncle in his Tender Care ſends 'his Pupil for the Amendment of his Life and Refor-'mation of Manners, with a ſtrict Charge to the Cap-'tain, ſo to contrive it that it ſhou'd be impoſſible for 'his Nephew in leſs than Seven Years to return. *Flo-'rido* goes on Board, where inſtead of finding a ſui-'table Equipage and conſiderable Cargo that were pro-'miſed him, wants even Neceſſaries, and meets with 'no better Reception than the meaneſt Sailor. *Florido* 'is gone, and not likely ever to trouble his greedy 'Uncle again, who having thus diſpoſed of, and in 'all probability ſecured him from ever returning, 'now looks upon his Nephew's Eſtate as his own; 'for he had no reaſon to believe, that a Tender Youth, 'never uſed to Hardſhips, ſhould have been Seven 'Years; where the moſt robuſt Conſtitutions inur'd to 'Labour, and acquainted with the burning Climate, 'were ſeldom known to exceed Four: Yet in ſpight of

the

‘ the baneful Air and melting Clime, *Florido* by the
‘ unwearied Care of his Guardian Angel is preſerv'd,
‘ and to the Confuſion of *Corvino* is brought back as it
‘ were from the devouring Grave. The abuſed Pupil
‘ demands an Account of what has been done with
‘ the Income of his Eſtate ſince he has been gone: But
‘ his Uncles Conſcience thinking it hard enough to
‘ part with the Eſtate itſelf, which all the while he
‘ has thought his own, won't allow him to be ſeem-
‘ ingly Honeſt, and refund what he has received, as
‘ long as he can help it.

This is the real Caſe of the faithful Guardian, and the Obligation which *Florido* has to his Uncle.

Juſt now I hear 'em cry the Queen's Proclamation, and the Thoughts on Rebellion and Seditious Tumults put me in mind of an admirable Fable to that purpoſe, which being handſomely told and full of Humour, I ſhall beg leave to inſert.

The Hands *and* Feet *and* Belly.

The Hands *and* Feet *in Council met,*
Were mightily upon the fret,
And Swore 'twas ſomething more than hard,
Always to work without Reward.
The Feet *ſaid truly 'tis a Jeſt,*
That we ſhould carry all the reſt;
March at all Hours thro' thick and thin,
With Shooes that let the Water in;
Our Nails are hard as Bullocks Horns,
Our Toes beſet with plaguy Corns:
We raiſed Four Bliſters t'other Night,
And yet got not a Farthing by't.
Brothers, reply'd the Hands, *'tis true,*
We know what Hardſhips y' undergo,
But then we 're greater Slaves than you;
For tho' all Day we Scrape and Rake,
And Labour till our Fingers ake,
Tho we 've been ply'd at every Thing,
Yet then without Conſidering
What pains or wearineſs we feel,
We 're forc'd to ſerve at every Meal,
And often while you 're ſet at Eaſe,
Drudge to the Knuckles up in Greaſe:
As for your Corns and Nails, in troth
We have the trouble of cutting both.
Take this not, Brothers, in a Senſe,
That might create a Difference,
We only hinted it to ſhew
We 're full as badly uſed as you,
Our Grievances are general;
And cauſed by him that Swallows all:
Th' ungrateful Belly *is our Bane,*
Whom with our Labour we maintain;
Th' ill natur'd'ſt Rogue that e'er was fed,
The Lazieſt Dog that lives by Bread;
For him we Starve, for what d'ye think
Becomes of all the Meat and Drink?
'Tis he that makes us look ſo thin
To ſtretch his everlaſting Skin:
Tho' we do all his Buſineſs,
What did he ever give to us?
And therefore let my Lord Abdomen
Say what he will, we'll work for no Man:
Nay, if we ſcratch him tho' he itches,
Call us a hundred Sons of Bitches,
And if you do the ſame you'll ſee,
He'll quickly be as lean as we;
What ſay ye, Brothers, do y' agree?
Yes, ſays the Feet, *and he be curſt*
That dares to think of ſtirring firſt:
And thus the Rebels diſobey,
Who Swear they'll now keep Holyday.
Reſolv'd to live like Gentlemen,
His Gutſhip calls and calls agen;
They anſwer'd, they wou'd toil no more,
But reſt as he had done before.
But ſoon the Mutineers repent;
The Belly *when his Stock was ſpent*
Could not ſend down the Nouriſhment
That requiſite for every part,
The weakneſs ſeiz'd the drooping Heart,
Till all the Members ſuffer'd by't,
And languiſh'd in a woful plight:
Then ſaw when 'twas too late, how he
Whom they accuſed of Gluttony,
Of Lazineſs, Ingratitude,
Had labour'd for the Common Good,
By ways they never underſtood.

The MORAL.

The *Belly* is the Government,
From whence the Nouriſhment is ſent,
Of wholeſome Laws for mutual Peace,
For Plenty, Liberty and Eaſe,
To all the Body Politick,
Which, where it fails the Nations Sick;
The Members are the Diſcontent
Plebeians, that are Ignorant,
How Neceſſary for the State,
It is that Princes ſhou'd be Great;
Which, if their Pomp and Pow'r were leſs,
Could not preſerve our happineſs;
The Vulgar think all Courts to be
But Seats of Sloth and Luxury,
Themſelves but Slaves, compell'd to bear,
The Taxes and the Toils of War:
But in this *Fable* they may ſee
The diſmal Fruits of Mutiny;
Whilſt Subjects that aſſiſt the Crown,
But Labour to maintain their own.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXcellent Engliſh Barrel Soap ſold only by the maker Wm. Cowpland, at the 3 Pidgeons and Crown in the Old Baily near Ludgate, for ready Money at 48 s. a Barrel, who by a peculiar Art, (known to none but himſelf) has now ſo exceedingly improved it, both for Scent and Service, that it's admired by all that uſe it; its not only Odoriferouſly Pleaſant and Delightful to Smell to, but for ProfitableneſsFamilies and Perſons that ſpend much Soap find it their Intereſt to uſe it, it being every way as good to waſh with as the beſt Crown Soap, goes as far, keeps much better and longer, and (which adds to its excellency) ſo delicately whitens, clears, preſerves the Strength, and keeps from turning Yellow the fineſt Linnens, &c. that it outdoes all other ſorts whatſoever, for which reaſons it is mightily eſteemed by the niceſt and beſt Families in the City of London, who who will now uſe none elſe; 'tis likewiſe the cheapeſt and beſt for Scowering of Silks, Wool and Woolen, and for that purpoſe has gained very great Repute in many parts of the Nation; any Perſon for a Tryal may ſend for ſo ſmall a quantity as a Half Ferkin, which contains 32 Pound weight, Price 6 s: being but 2 d. Farthing a pound. To be had only at the place aboveſaid.

AN Incomparable Beautifying Cream for the Face, Neck, and Hands, takes away all Freckles, Spots, Pimples Wrinkles, Roughneſs, Scurf, Morphew, Yellowneſs, Sun-burning, renders the Skin admirably Clear, Fair and Beautiful, has an excellen- pretty Scent, is very ſafe and harmleſs, and vaſtly Tranſcends all other things, for it truly nouriſhes the Skin, making inſtantly look Plump- Freſh, Smooth, and Delicately Fair, tho before Wrinkled and Diſcolouf red. Sold only at Mr Lawrences Toyſhop at the Griffin the corner o- the Poultry near Cheapſide, at 2 s. 6 d. the Gallipot, with Directions,

JAcobs Famous Strops for Setting Razors and Penknives, very uſeful for all Surgeons and Barbers inſtead of a Hone; as he has ſold many Thouſands for 1 s. each, he now ſells them for 9 d. prepared by his own Hands as before, and any Perſon uſing them for a Month, and not finding them anſwer the Effects bring them back at the Expiration of that time, ſhall have their Money again. To be had only at Jacobs Coffee Houſe behind the Royal Exchange.

The Tomb of Venus, or plain and faithful Directions, how every one may infallibly be reſcued both from the obvious and hidden Relicks of that dangerous diſgraceful Diſtemper, which ſo many of both Sexes are infected with, ſuch as Weepings after ſuppoſed Cures, Pains, Swellings, Breakings-out, and alſo from the noxious remainders of prepared Medicines. Likewiſe a Demonſtrable Method on which the moſt doubtful may depend of certainly knowing whether they have the Diſtemper or not. By a Foreign Phyſician. Sold by Bernard Lintott Bookſeller, at the Croſs Keys between the Two Temple Gates in Fleet-ſtreet, Pr. 1 s.

Sold by *A. Baldwin* at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.*